

A Nice Dessert.

FRUIT liquid, beaten up with ice or other milk pudding, makes a good sweet. Stand the mixture in custard cups, pour a little fresh custard on top and a dab or two of jam, and you will have a delectable dessert to please the most fastidious.

Another in the Series, Motherhood and a Career, on This Page To-day

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the planned massacre of Detroit in 1763, which was frustrated by an Indian girl who informed Major Gladwin of Pontiac's scheme to enter the fort on an apparently peaceful errand and to slaughter the garrison. The Indian chief thus betrayed began an successful siege.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

News of Pangbourne's Reprieve On Day Set For Execution Shocks His Wife and Tweedledum

Part One—(Continued)

"When can we be married?" she repeated.

"As soon as you like it," he replied. "Nobody will know us out there, and when we come back to New York the whole affair will have blown over. We could travel for some months, too; it would be very pleasant. I want to go to Palm Beach to look up some old friends of mine, and we might spend next winter in California, after that home by the Pacific, the Canal and the Mediterranean. Might be months or so away—that will be quite enough."

"Be good to me, George."

"Oh, yes," she replied, with some enthusiasm. "I've always longed to see California." She came and sat on the sofa by the side of the man, and took his hand in hers. "They say the coast is an ideal place for lovers. You'll be very good to me, won't you, George? I've always wanted somebody to love, and it has been awful to be tied to a man like Edgar. I only married him for your sake, you know, and it has taken very long for our plans to be successful. I was beginning to despair." She looked anxiously at the clock. "Do you think it is all over by now?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "long ago. These sentences are always carried out early in the morning—before 9 o'clock. It's well after 9 now."

"What is that?" Violet suddenly ran to the window, and, lifting the blind, looked out into the street.

"There are some newsmen calling out something," she said, nervously. "But I cannot make out what it is."

"Probably the report of the execution," said Tweedledum, reassuringly. "I'll go out and get a paper." He moved toward the door. Even to him, hardened as he was, there was something pathetic in this scene of cynical waiting. He had attempted to persuade Violet to go abroad, with the object of avoiding it, but she had refused to do so.

Granted a Respite.

The shrill cries of the newsmen in the street were now plainly audible. Tweedledum grasped the woman around the waist, for he feared that she might faint. Together they stood and listened.

"Extra! Reprieve of Pangbourne! Extra! Scene in the death cell!"

On the forced their way from Tweedledum's lips. He pushed Violet, roughly toward the sofa, muttering to himself the while. She gazed at him with face white and set.

"What does it mean, George?"

"How the devil should I know? The man's reprieve isn't that enough? He forced her down upon the sofa. 'Sit there, and for God's sake, compose yourself. I'll get a paper.'"

He went out, still muttering and swearing. In the street he found a newsmen and purchased a copy of the paper. His hand shook as he hunted for a coin. He had no change, and was forced to tender a quarter. He did not wait for change, but hurried back to the house, searching the columns for the item of special news.

He found it at last, a brief dispatch on the first page of the last minute. It added little to what he already knew.

"A message granting a reprieve to Pangbourne was carried from the death chamber in a state of collapse. The reason for the reprieve has not yet been declared."

Violet Fainted at the News.

Tweedledum angrily tore the paper in half. It told him nothing fresh, nothing that he desired to know. He slammed the street door and went back to Violet. She lay on the sofa on to which he had thrust her in a dead faint.

"So much the better," he muttered to himself. "I couldn't put up with a scene from her just now, and she's bound to be hysterical."

He rang the bell violently, and when the footman came in answer, told him to help carry Mrs. Pangbourne to her room. Between them they managed to do this, and left her lying upon her bed in the care of her maid.

"Don't let her get up, whatever you do," he told the woman. "She is better here. It has been a terrible trial for her, knowing that her husband was to die this morning, and this news of a reprieve has brought on a reaction. Tell her when she recovers to keep very quiet, and I will let her know everything that happens."

"Why the delay?" he asked.

He made his way downstairs again, and in the hallway he found Blake, a reporter, waiting for him.

"A heavy lot, this reprieve, isn't it?" said Blake. "How does Mrs. Pangbourne take it?"

"Oh, never mind about that," returned Tweedledum shortly. "I want to know all that has happened. What's the reason for the reprieve? That's what I want to get at." It was upon this point that Tweedledum, conscious of his own perjury and suborned evidence, was particularly anxious to be believed.

"Well, that's just what seems to be puzzling everybody. There are wild rumors about, but I don't know how much is to be believed."

"What do they say?"

"They say that Mrs. Willoughby

wasn't murdered at all. That it was another woman who was killed in her place."

"Absurd! ridiculous! Do you think I don't know Mrs. Willoughby when I see her? And not one of the servants disputed her identity?"

Snatched From the Grave.

The reporter shrugged his shoulders. "I can only tell you what my paper says," he said. "But, jove, it was a close call. The parson had prayed over the wretched man, they had marched out to the tune of the prayers for the dying, and he was actually sitting in the chair. That's what I am told, anyway, for, as you know, I wasn't up at the prison. He walked in that funny, jerky way of his, but at plucky as you could wish. Repeated what he said at the trial—that he supposed he struck the blow, but that he remembered nothing of it. He said he wasn't sorry to die, for he was best out of the way. And so everything would have ended and he'd been in another realm by now if that message hadn't come in the nick of time. The poor fellow collapsed, saying he had come through the suffering of death and didn't want to live. They carried him back to the cell, and there he is—awaiting developments. Of course, they won't electrocute him now, whatever happens."

There was nothing more to be learned from the newspaper man and soon after Blake took his departure.

Tweedledum was left alone to wrestle with his own fears, and to console Violet as best he could.

Pangbourne is Executed.

It was not till later in the afternoon that the actual truth became known. Then there was no lack of detail in the papers; they vied with each other, indeed, in the length of their articles and the space which they devoted to this, the greatest sensation and romance of the day.

It was true that Mrs. Willoughby was not dead. She had appeared just in time to communicate with the authorities and to save the condemned man. And what she had to tell completely exonerated Pangbourne from the charge of murder.

"Toward midnight," she said, "I saw that Mr. Pangbourne had taken more to drink than he could stand, and I suggested that he should go home—this in spite of the fact that I knew his wife had forbidden him to return to his own house. He was very quiet and obedient, and he rose at once and stumbled down the stairs. I let him out at the front door, after helping him on with his coat, while playing with the knife—the one that did the murder—it is very sharp, though I used it for cutting papers—I must have wounded my hand, for there was blood upon my fingers. This is the blood which left a stain upon Mr. Pangbourne's shirt front, and it must have happened while I buttoned the cloak for him—the poor fellow could do nothing for himself."

Kidnaped by Italians.

"I watched him from the door as he stumbled down the street, and when he reached the corner it struck me that it was not safe for him to go home alone, so, acting upon the spur of the moment, I ran after him, leaving the door of my house open. There was a cart at the corner of the road, and two men and a girl were sitting in it. As I passed the girl spoke a few hurried words to her companions, and they immediately sprang down and seized me. There was no one in the street to help me, and I was gagged before I could cry out. They threw me into the cart and drove off. I was kidnaped, and I knew that I was in the power of some Italian rogues who had a grudge against me."

Tweedledum, having read thus far, threw down the paper.

"I see it all now. But what does this mean for Violet—and for me?"

Violet Leaves New York.

Mrs. Pangbourne left New York that evening, as she had arranged to do, but the circumstances of her departure were very different from what she had anticipated. First and foremost, Tweedledum did not accompany her; he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties.

It was necessary, he pointed out, that he should see Lilian and make certain of her discretion in the extraordinary development of what had become known as the "Pangbourne case." She seems to have been talking very freely," he said, "and you may not realize it, but if she gives any hint of the plot to which she lent herself, you and I, Violet, may find ourselves in the dock."

"She dare not," cried Violet, "for her own sake. She dare not."

"I'm so sure of that," returned Tweedledum. "You must remember that circumstances are not quite the same now as when she acted for us. She never liked the job, and incidentally, she hates me. I forced her to do what I wanted by threatening to give her away on the little matter of her bigamy, but that rod's broken now, for, as you know, the whole truth leaked out when the police investigated her affairs. It might not have done so if that damned fool, Frank Willoughby had not claimed her estate—such as it was."

"She'll be tried for the bigamy, now, I suppose," said Violet.

"(Continued Tomorrow.)"

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Motherhood an Inspiration to a Career

Louise Homer, World Famous Prima Donna, Finds Her Five Children a Continual Source of Incentive.



A family group—Mrs. Louise Homer, the famous prima donna, and her girls. From left to right, Helen Joy, Hestor and Ann and Katherine, the twins. A son is not in the picture.

By Margery Rex.

NEURITIS AND ITS CAUSE

By Brice Belden, M.D.

NEURITIS means inflammation of a nerve. It is usually a localized condition, though it may occur as a generalized condition known as multiple neuritis. Either form may be acute or chronic.

Localized neuritis may be due to poisons such as alcohol, lead, tobacco, tea and coffee; it may follow exposure to cold, accompany infectious diseases, especially influenza, or it may be due to a blow or other injury.

Examination of a nerve affected by acute neuritis under the microscope reveals it to be red and swollen, with fatty degeneration of the fibres. As a rule, all parts of the nerve are involved—sheath, fibres and connective tissue.

In chronic neuritis the nerve trunk is gray, shriveled and hard, and the fibres are degenerated and atrophic. The pain comes in paroxysms and is not associated with tenderness along the course of the nerve.

In the acute case the outlook for complete recovery is quite favorable; the duration is from a few days to several weeks.

In the chronic case, after the development of marked nutritive changes, the outlook is rather dubious.

Of motherhood and art agree?

"They do," says Madame Louise Homer, famous American prima donna, and one of the operatic stage's most famous mothers.

No better authority on this mooted question could be had than that of Mrs. Homer, whose brilliant career has not interfered with her care of a large family.

"I feel that my children are essential to my art."

"The more I know and understand of life, the more I can express in my work."

"There is every reason why a successful mother should make a successful artist and vice versa."

In these few terse sentences Mrs. Homer dismisses the subject that has been the basis of controversy since women first began to expand their wings and seek to combine the pursuits of a career without abandoning the role of guardian of the home.

The Homer ménage is a charming one. Mrs. Homer, an excellent housekeeper, and in spite of her exacting opera and concert duties, has found time to look after the education and training of her six children.

The master of the house, Sidney

Homer, is a writer of songs, the mistress is a singer of songs. The eldest daughter, Louise, has a promising mezzo voice, but takes her greatest pleasure in accompanying her gifted mother on the piano. There are the famous twins, Catherine and Ann. Sidney, who is fifteen years old now, is showing himself musical, while Hestor loves to mimic and is one of the merriest of the happy Homer brood; but the joy of the home is the baby daughter, Helen Joy, born in March, 1918.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Homer wishes to urge the children to study music, but believes in helping them to develop any talent they may have.

The home life of the Homers is a conclusive proof of the possibility of a career and a home. Mrs. Sidney Homer, in her up-town New York home, is an exceptionally watchful and devoted wife and mother—attending personally to the needs of her children. As Mrs. Homer, at the Metropolitan, she continues to give her best in a generous, undiscriminating way.

Mrs. Homer's oft-repeated statement, "There is nothing in life for me away from my children and my work," is the most glorious tribute to the possibility that one's family and art can be excellent friends.

APPROVED RECIPES

New Pot Roast.

(2,012 Total Calories; 1,008 Protein Calories.)

Two pounds of beef, 1½ pounds potatoes, 1 cupful dry beans, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 pound prunes, 1 cupful molasses, 1 cupful sirup, 1 teaspoonful pepper.

Soak the beans over night in water to cover; drain in the morning, cover again with water and bring very slowly to a boil. When the skins begin to loosen, drain. Select chuck, bottom round or any similar cut of beef. Brown the meat on all sides and place it in a large roasting pan; about it place the potatoes puffed and cut in one and one-half inch slices, the prunes (which have been washed thoroughly), the beans prepared as above, the molasses, the sirup, seasoning and water enough to cover all the vegetables well. Cover and cook in a moderate oven for about three hours.

Corn Bread.

(1,214 Total Calories; 138 Protein Calories.)

Quarter cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful shortening, 1 egg, ½ cupful cornmeal, 1 cupful milk, 1 cupful fine dry bread crumbs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt.

Cream sugar and shortening together, add yolk of egg; add the dry ingredients mixed and sifted together alternately with the milk. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Bake in a shallow, well-oiled pan in a moderate oven.

Outbread.

(2,706 Total Calories; 592 Protein Calories.)

Two cupfuls rolled oats, 1 cupful bread flour, 1 cupful chopped dates, 1 cupful oil flour or 1 cupful cornmeal, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cupful molasses, 1½ cupfuls hot milk.

Pour hot milk over oats and let stand ten minutes. Mix and sift dry ingredients and mix all together. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

To My Sweetheart Soldier

MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Every Girl Has a Sweetheart—So

Every Girl Should Read These

Wonderful Letters.

Dear Sweetheart:

I have had an experience today which has shaken my faith! At last, worn out with running to and fro and trying to find right and justice where none seem to exist—I come to you. Your big heart has room for our tragedies "over here," even though every nerve is strained with the tragedy "over there."

It happened at market this morning! As I drew up to the curb, a policeman stood there and saluted—calling me by name—I answered—and passed on! Something compelled me to look back, and I saw the policeman had his hand on the arm of a poor miserable cowering kind of a man! I went back and spoke to the officer. "Why are you detaining this man? What has he done? Can't you let him go?" Before the officer could reply the man turned around and answered me. "I stole a piece of meat, lady. I knew I hadn't ought to—but I was starving, and I stole it and that's all there is to it. I done it and got caught."

I never saw such a face—the ravages of misery and disease had made of it a pitiful thing, and with hope gone, too, it was such a face as Dante might have pictured in his Inferno! I entreated the officer with all the power I could command. "Please let him go. He has been punished enough. I will pay for the meat. Please let him go."

I was almost crying, and the man looked at me with eyes that were filled with utter despair—not so much at the thought of the impending sentence, which perhaps would be slight, for a small offense, but more from a sense of absolute injustice, in a scheme of things which should give food to some, and permit others to go hungry.

The policeman shook his head not unkindly, and said: "If you'd only come here, minutes sooner, lady, I could have let him go—thank you for making it right about the meat. It's no pleasure to me to run in the poor, hungry devil, but I've sent in the call for the wagon, and so I've got to have my man." Just then the wagon with clanging bells drove up, and the face of the earth opened and gave out a hundred or so small boys and other bystanders, as its custom is, whenever an accident or arrest takes place.

When the excitement had subsided, the policeman and I talked farther together. He said by paying the butcher from whose stall the meat was taken, I might be able to

persuade him not to appear against the man when the case was called. If so, the case would be nulled. Animated by a faint hope, I went in to the market, accompanied by the officer. It was useless! I knew that the moment I saw the butcher, he looked just like the fat pig that hung by one leg at the edge of the stall—only more so. As they stood side by side, the only difference I could note was that one stood on his head and the other on his feet, and any appeal to a softer nature would be as futile as the pearls cast before the ancestor of ancient origin. The man was a German; that was easy to see. And his head was as round and wooden as his mallet. "I want my meat," he cried. "I don't want your money. I won't be stoic front! I want my meat!" So did the ghost of Shylock echo the old refrain.

"I hope you get it," I cried at last, with the tears running down my cheeks, and trembling all over. "I hope you get it and it may choke you. And when you get to Hades, I hope your tongue swells up with hunger and thirst, and you cry aloud like Dives. And I hope this poor man you are sending to prison today will hear you and laugh at you, and taunt you, and pass on!"

Mother said I got my scripture terribly mixed—and that the swine and pearls and the rich man in Hades don't go together! But never mind, it relieved my feelings anyway.

The general and I have been telephoning in to the police station, and doing all he could, but there is nothing we can do. If the butcher appears against him, the case must go on! Beloved, if you had been here, I suppose you would have known what to do in a high-handed way, to set things right while I have only the memory of that man's pitiful, starving face! And the knowledge that I could do nothing. Beloved, why isn't that butcher over in the trenches where he belongs? Why is he here enjoying the rights and liberty of our country, and meeting out injustice to others? That's a question, beloved! Troubled as I am, I look out the window to a shaft of light where the face of Jesus shines, and as it glances me for my desire to punish with my own hand, and set things right with my flimsy wisdom. He answers calmly, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." So, beloved, I leave the man in prison to His care. It is all we can do, with that and every problem, and after all, it is the best we can do.

YOUR VERY OWN.

Puss in Boots Jr.

A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

NOW let me see. We left little Puss Junior with the circus. Didn't we? Well, I don't know any place I'd rather be than at the circus, where

The elephant and the kangaroo, and the monkey and the clown, are running a race around the ring. Over the tamarck brown.

And the big brown bear on a pair of skates. Goes zig-zag over the floor, and the brave man dressed in a silver and lace. Puts his head in the lion's jaw.

Oh, dear me! I feel just like getting up from my typewriter and running off to the circus.

For there's something about the circus that makes you long to be with the acrobats and the funny clown. Over the road from town to town, leading a life that's free.

And Puss Junior just couldn't keep still. He twisted this way and that way, and pretty soon, all of a sudden, he jumped out of his seat and ran down to the ring, where the lovely circus queen was standing by her beautiful white horse.

And when all the people saw little Puss Junior in his red top boots and plumed hat they shouted, "Hurrah! Let's see the little cat ride horseback!"

"Will you?" asked the circus queen, and for answer Puss jumped nimbly into the saddle and galloped around the ring.

And, oh, my! how all the people cheered! And then the clown jumped up beside Puss, and away they went on the beautiful white horse, and after that Puss jumped through rings and over ropes until it was time for the next act.

Then he sat down near the ring and watched the bears roller-skate and the seals play ball and a blackbird fly through a hoop of fire; and by and by he got so excited that he ran after a clown and jumped on his back. And this made the clown laugh and all the people, too; and they shouted, "Bravo for Puss in Boots Junior!"

Well, when the circus was all over—as all circuses are at last, you know—and the animals were put up for the night, Puss sat outside the tent with the clown and the circus queen and talked over old times. And pretty soon their boy came up and played with Puss. "I wish you would stay with us."

he said. But Puss shook his head and replied:

"You see, I'm a traveller, and once a traveller always a wanderer. I get restless if I stay in one place long."

And Puss curled his whiskers and grinned, for he was a wise little cat by this time. Let me tell you—oh, my, yes! And then the circus queen began to sing:

"Oh, the big white tent and the little white tents. The animals safely keep! The elephant's snore, while the white mice gnaw. The lollipop box and the popcorn box. And then they quietly creep into the ring, where they sotlely sing. The elephant baby to sleep."

(Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

To Be Continued.

INTERESTING STORIES

The Hungry Earthworm.

The earthworm is omnivorous. It swallows an enormous quantity of earth, from which it extracts any digestible matter it may contain. It consumes all kinds of half-decayed leaves and grass, and even the roots of plants, which it draws into the mouth of its burrows to a depth of from one to three inches, and are prepared by moistening with a fluid secretion which quickly decomposes fresh leaves. Worms often live close beneath the mouths of their burrows, especially in the morning, presumably for warmth—a habit accounting for their wholesale destruction by the thrushes and blackbirds, which, during certain seasons, may be seen busy throughout the country on our lawns. When the ground is covered with snow, a considerable depth and cease to work. The depth to which the worm burrows varies in accordance with dryness or cold and the thickness of the upper soil. It has been known to reach a depth of over six feet. Ordinarily, however, they inhabit only the superficial mould, which is usually from five to twelve inches thick.

Wealth of Argentina.

The wide range of the Argentine climate makes it possible to grow the most varied products. Tobacco, cotton, rice and jute could all be grown on a great scale. Add to these products the vast and almost unexploited deposits of petroleum, gold, and other minerals of incalculable value to the modern world, and it will be realized how immense are the opportunities offered to the progressive people. Industrial undertakings, where millions of horsepower could be used, are yet to be created, but will be needed in the near future.

Do You Know That--

A method has been discovered of distilling valuable products from the chips that accumulate in wood-working establishments, and of making paper out of the residue.

A Japanese bacteriologist has built a dustproof, airproof, germ-proof house of glass, the air that is needed being pumped through a pipe and filtered.

A Japanese medical corps of one

hundred men has gone to Rumania to help control the epidemic of typhus fever in that country.

A unique roadway of solid salt, forming a part of the Wendover highway in Tooe County, Utah, is projected by the Utah State Road Commission.

Surveyors have struck rich and continuous indications of gold, silver and iron along the west coast of Sumatra.